THE ARIZONA CHAMPIO

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PEACH SPRINGS, MOHAVE COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884. Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, ALBUQUERQUE Fish and Poultry.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Will practice in all the courts. All business
entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.
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Goods, Notions, Bacon and Hams,

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Only 15 Ball Pool Table in Town. Lunch Counter attached where meals are served crystal globes.

PATRICK CANAVAN,

Clothing, Boots & Shoes, inspection; a more secluded part, that a extended from the main building toward

For Laboring Mon, PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Best Brands of

Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. GIVE ME A CALL

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
Three simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly pray'd.

One dreaming of created things

One dreaming of created things—
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright happy birds with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die,
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs
Was heard the gentle maiden's pray'r:
"Oh, give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace scemed to glow
Within the second maiden's breast;
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest;
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That life's reward—a deathless name,
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh, give me fame!"

The third fair maiden knelt apart;
Her eyes—a heaven starr'd with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heaven above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift!
Let me be loved by one I love!"

The mince pie graceth the festal board,
Making its juices rare,
And the mouth of the baby waters the while
He vieweth the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a wan, sad smile, And heaveth a crocodile moan,
And the marble man goeth out into his yard
And polisheth up a stone.

And the undertaker mournfully asks
"What will his measure be?"
While the sexton labels a spot "reserved"
Under a willow tree.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE MYSTERY OF HAZEL DELL.

We had heard of a furnished cottage to rent for the summer, and my niece was eager to go and see it.

It would be so much nicer than boarding at a hotel, she said, and though less enthusiastic than May, I was thoroughly tired of the bustle and confusion of the Linton House, and thought the change might be an improvement.

bress White Shirts, we rough lessurely along, enjoying the fine landscape, hill and dale, meadow sounded like a woman's voice, a shrill he replied, "Oh, May, can't you tell scream, that was rarely repeated, then what I have come home for?"

But at last, feeling sure that we were always the same, and it seemed to come wrong, we halted, uncertain whether from some distance. we should proceed or not. Just then a gentleman, mounted on a splendid

He informed us that we were several Best Cigars in Market miles from it, and that we were going that we were well and happy. in an opposite direction. Then he volunteered to show us the way, and also told us that he was the owner of the opened on to a balcony. cottage.

He was a man of thirty-five apparently, large and fine-looking, with dark, corner a large grape vine clasped its can be found no happier home than curling hair, and eyes that seemed melancholy, almost hopeless in their

he carriage, occasionally pointing out objects of interest, and when we reached the shady lane that we had passed so after a time I followed her. A door turkies which had hard luck in getting carelessly, we found that it led to his from her chamber opened into mine, enough to eat through the summer early train I'll get the clerk to give me cottage, a curve of the avenue conceal. and this we kept unclosed, so that we months. ing it wholly from the highway.

We uttered exclamations of delight she lay upon her snowy couch, her un-J. T. DAVIS, as we came in sight of the place, for it was charming. The cottage was built in Gothic style:

the grounds were extensive, and filled and innocence, with trees and shrubbery.

There were flowers, winding walks, Clipper Club and rustic arbors, and just in front of the cottage a miniature fountain sent up

a shower of silvery spray. The cottage was gray in color, with brown trimmings, and it had innumer-Railroad Avenue, able little plazzas, and balconies, and bay-windows that gave a quaint pictur- my niece.

esqueness to the structure. There seemed nothing wanting to make the place a little Eden. "Oh, what a delightful home, Mr.

BRADLEY & WESTLAKE, Prop's Elmsford!" exclaimed May, enthusiastically. "How happy you must be!"
"Do you think so?" he questioned, and the look of unutterable sadness that sleeper. flitted across his handsome face told

that even this Eden-like spot had not escaped the "trail of the serpent." May saw that she had unconsciously roused unpleasant thoughts, and quickly

changed the subject. Then he assisted us from the carriage and led the way in-doors; and charmed as we were by the external arrangepleasing.

The rooms were fitted in luxurious style; the walls were hung with rare paintings; marble statuary filled niches; bility, for my right arm was helpless. the light shone through windows of stained glass.

There was a miniature conservatory full of exotics, birds swung in gilded entered her room from the balcony, and cages, and shining gold-fish sported in my cry had averted the blow from her

ments, we decided to take the house for out which he declared was ample. house that he had not opened for our the floor she plunged it in her own bosom

inspection; a more secluded part, that and died almost instantly. a bit of woodland which sloped down Elmsford. He could not bear to send the valley.

before we left, and he smiled faintly. Yes, Mrs. Linton of the hotel had ful Providence had interposed to pretaken pains to inform us, but we were serve our lives, not inclined to be superstitious, and

May told Mr. Elmsford, with one of tery of the haunted house was ended. her sweetest smiles, that we would risk Mr. Eimsford talked with us freely of the danger for the sake of spending a his sad and hopeless life.

now we had found a place so much ing lonesome. pleasanter that we deemed ourselves. Autum went by; then the long, cold, most fortunate.

gage transferred from the hotel to the at last. Spring, too, with its balmy a stone quarry near El Paso. Direcheap cottage, and in a small house belonging breezes and refreshing showers and at fifteen dollars. Wish I'd got a gross agent, we engaged our meals.

to do but to give ourselves up to the coming home; and to his agent he double bed—let's put two or three be

down the valley. We took long drives, for Mr. Elmsford untasted.

placed at our disposal a spirited little pony and phaeton, while in-doors we must go away, Aunt Elinor,"

May said, when I entered the parlor on my return from dinner, we must go up and pretend to chuck em out of the works of ancient and modern authors, "Not till Mr. Elmsford arrives, for

current literature of the day. were living an enchanted life. We had ing marriage. been at Hazel Dell two months, and it

was midsummer.

open casements. "Not a sound have we heard tha cannot be accounted for, if the house is haunted, Aunt Elinor," May said to as if about to fly from the room. me one day, and I did not contradict "Have you no welcome for a wanderer, her; but all my life I have been inclined little May?" he asked, looking down to wakefulness through the earlier por- earnestly in her face. We had the necessary directions, and tion of the night, and several times. the distance was about two miles, so while trying vainly to compose myself she answered, briefly we rode leisurely along, enjoying the to sleep, I had heard something that shady lane that branched from the high- I would try to fancy I had been dreaming, but whatever it was the sound was voice had a hard and constrained tone.

> But I would not tell May. She was happy, to happy, I sometimes feared, close by, the said business yet detained him, and he liked to look in and see

the subject of discussion seemed to be Our sleeping rooms were on the second floor, and the long windows The pillars supporting the balcony

strong arms about the post, and completely hid it with its rich leaves. It was full of fruit, the great, green clusters We turned back, and he rode beside giving promise of a delicious feast a little later. seemed almost together. I looked in;

gold over her pillow, and she was sleeping soundly the restful sleep of health Hollow poultry. Another one of the had taken wings. A feeling of restless- yard was considered a very "fly" bird. and rustic arbors, and just in front of ness took possession of me and I longed for morning. It was long past midnight and the moon, full and bright, flung its silvery rays through my case-

> Ah, shall I ever forget the sight! Standing by her bed, and bending the wise turkey, winking his left eye. toward her with uplifted hand, was a tall, spectral-looking form, and the moonlight brought to view a glittering blade in her grasp that seemed just

ready to descend upon the unconscious I uttered a cry of terror that re-echoed my throat. Again I tried to make myself heard, but I was powerless, and

then I knew nothing more. I opened my eyes to find daylight ments, we found the interior not less stealing into my room. May, with a pale and wistful race, was sitting by my

> I tried to rise but it was an impossi-Then May told me what had happened.

The maniac, for such she was, had

intended victim, but the knife designed After looking at the various apart- for May had severely wounded my arm. My outery also brought relief, for her the summer, and Mr. Elmsford named attendant rushed in just in time to save a price that seemed unreasonably low, my life; the baffled woman had fought with the desperation that madness gives, The only reserve was a wing of the and suddenly snatching the knife from

The maniac was the wife of Rupert her away, and the neighboring house "I suppose you have heard the rumor had been fitted up for her. It had althat somehow got abroad, that the ways been deemed secure, but with the house is haunted," Mr. Elmsford said cunning that usually characterizes insanity, she had escaped, and a merci-

summer in such a lovely place.

May had dimples in her cheeks that gave an indescribable charm to her fair face, and though she was still heart-free, death could bring relief. He should go there had been suitors who had vainly away, he said, and he would esteem it a most see 'em crawl, can't you. Real favor if we should remain in his cottage rubics for eyes, agate heads and tur-Their attentions were an annoyance, till his return; so we stayed at Hazel and she had persuaded me to spend the Dell. But with all its beauty, the place summer in the country. Thus we came seemed less cheerful after its owner had to be inmates of the Linton Hotel, and gone, and May often complained of be-

cheerless winter came on and confined It did not take long to have our lug- us mostly to the house, but it was over to the place, where lived Mr. Elmsford's opening buds was past, and June had of 'em. Sell like hot cakes." come, the month of roses, the rarest There was absolutely nothing for us time of all the year. Mr. Elmsford was Haverly's here—sleeps in my room, We rambled in the woodland, and married; this, the agent's wife told us He played it on me up at Quincy, an' wrote that he was coming home to be followed the meanderings of a musical one day, as we sat at dinner, and May's I'd give a trifle to get even with him." little brook that went hurrying along face flushed scarlet, then grew pale, and she left the table soon, her meal little too high in the market for any fool-

and the tables were strewn with the we have promised to stay," I replied, but I understood well that she could The summer was passing, and we not endure the thought of his approach-

A few days afterward we were sitting together at twilight, and May was gazing We felt perfectly safe, strangers out abstractedly into the fast-gathering seldom intruded at the cottage, and as shadows, when suddenly a foot-fall the heat became fervid, we slept with broke the silence, and Mr. Elmsford entered the room. He shook hands warmly with me, then he stopped beside

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Elmsford,"

"I am more than glad to see you, "To be married, they say," and her

"Yes," he said, "if you will have me, May." "If I will?" she stammered. "Yes, that is what I said," but just chestnut horse, drew near, and I inquired if we were on the road to Hazel for scarcely a day went by without a then I discreetly vanished into the call from Mr. Elmsford. He was stopping shadow of the climbing roses and honeyshadow of the climbing roses and honeysuckle on the porch, and when at last I came back, and lights were brought in.

> satisfactorily settled, if one might judge by indications. Before the summer was over May Atherton became the wife of Rupert were festooned by climbers, and at one Elmsford, and in all the country there thing. I'll pitch it out the window."

TURKEY. One night May had retired early, and in Tremont, had a large number of

One of the turkies was a goodnatured happy fellow, and very rebound tresses floating like a veil of spun spectable. He always kept out of bad society and never associated with Frog turkies prided himself on his wisdom, Then I went to my own bed but sleep and among his associates in the barn-About three weeks ago the good-

natured turkey met the wise turkey and said to him: "I can't understand how it is that ment. Something, I knew not what, our master has commenced to feed us prompted me to rise and look in upon so liberally. Why he nearly starved us last summer.'

> "No, I can't." "Well," said the wise one, "you're a pretty good-natured gobbler, so I will a manner different from his, provided he give you the straight tip. Christmas is set up his works within a year,"

due in three weeks."

"What has that to do with it?" "Everything my dear bird, our masthrough the silent house, and the in- ter wishes to fatten us up," here the furiated creature rushed toward me, and | wise turkey, in a low voice, whispered with superhuman strength clutched at in the thin turkey's ear these horrible words, "and then kill us for market." The good-natured turkey turned pale,

and when he recovered himself, said that he did not believe it. "Well, do as you like," said his companion, "eat and get fat, and be killed. thing, and grow thin. When your string of a celestial harp, over which head is chopped off you will remember angelic fingers were sweeping." what I have told you." They then

shook claws and separated.

turkey eat all he could and grew fat, while the wise turkey took just enough to sustain life, and trained himself down to a shadow. caught all his turkeys and began to chop their heads off. The good-natured turkey resigned himself to fate, his last words were, "I've had a good time,"

Time passed on. The good-natured

was suddenly seized and his head cut Then the man got a brick, put it in the thin wise turkey, and made him weigh more than any other turkey he owned, and sold all the lot to a butcher.

Moral. - As we journey through life let us live by the way .- [New York Truth.

n is to get married, of course.

"Great snakes! What have you got there?" said Frank Burnley to Moses Cohen the other night at the St. George hotel.

SOLD BUSH

"Ladies' trinkets! Ever see anything quoise wings. That centipede's a clip-per—one solid piece of rose coral—gives a chap the crawls to set eyes on him. Don't he now?"

"That's as sure as shootin". But

what's this big spider made of!" "Ah, that's the daisy of the hull lot. That's a petrified tarantula, dug out of at fifteen dollars. Wish I'd got a gross

"Can't be done. Those insects is

window "It would be good fun." "Fun! A grand allied hippodrome an' four clowns 'ud be a funeral to it"

trinkets? "Trinkets! I'll take care no harm comes to them."

"An' you'd be responsible for the

"Well, I'm game, but I must see the circus." "So you shall. Come up about half past nine."

The plan was duly put into execution.

"Say, you fellows, said Joe Haverly,

yawning as though he'd lift the roof or his head off, "ain't you ever going to roost to-night?"

As he spoke he went to his bed and slowly pulled the sheets down. A broad smile spread itself across the faces of the conspirators like the dawn over the mountains on a June morning. Joe caught sight of the insects and turning round his eyes fell on the two grinning faces of his friends.

"So," he yelled, livid with passion("this is your trick, is it?" "Ours? Lord! No. Joe, whatever's the matter?" both cried in chorus. "Did you put that vermin in my bed ?" demanded Joe, trembling with sup-

pressed passion. "S'help me, no!" cried the trembling jeweler. "Wouldn't have done it for a farm?"

echoed Frank, turning the color of cold chicken. "But what is there there anyway, Joe? Nothing but a beetle or some

"You do!" "We are!" "Then, gentlemen," said Joe, coolly. picking up the tarantula, beetle and cen-A certain man near Railroad avenue tipede and depositing them in his vest ocket, "I've had a God-send. And as I have made up my mind to start on an another room. Good-night and pleasant

dreams. Ta-ta. He seized his grip and was gone. Cohen and Burnley have been ever since trying to spread sixty-four dollars over their expense account; and Mrs. Haverly says Joe is a dear, naughty, extravagant old darling to send her those deliciously ugly little creeping things which she's been pining for for centuries but couldn't quite see her way to purchase-[Evansville Argus.

THE FIRST AMERICAN PATENT .- It is

thought that the earliest patent in the

United States was that granted by the

Samuel Winslow, who had a method of

manufacturing salt. "None are to make

this article," said the patent, "except in

"Can't you understand it?" replied Commonwealth of Massachusetts to

Every theatre critic has his own perculiar style. The editor of a mining camp newspaper, for example, has this to say of a popular songstress: "As a singer she can just wallop the hose off any that ever wagged a jaw on the boards. From her clear, bird-like upper notes she would canter way down to the brass racket, and then cushion back to a sort of spiritual tremble that made every man in the audience imagine As for myself I don't intend to eat any- every hair on his head was the golden

REFUSED IT .- M. Pasteur, whose discoveries in the generation of disease have been of such incalculable value to the public, was offered by a French capitalist two hundred thousand dollars for his discovery of the method of preventing Early in the morning the man got up disease in cattle, the man of business knowing that the profits in an agricul-

tural country would be enormous. M. Pasteur refused the offer, saying that as he was already in receipt of a and he ded without a gobble. The wise Government annuity which sufficed for thin turkey smiled to himself, until be his wants, he thought it right to give his discoveries gratuitously to the public.

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to announce that there would be no afternoon service, as he was going to officiate for another elergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was over, called out: "There will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. - is Her maiden name. Why, her maiden going a-tishing with another clergy-